AN

Hymn to GOD.

(Price One Shilling.)

A HYMN TO GOD.

11630. c. 9
12

AN HYMN TO GOD.

———— μοῦνον δ' ἐσορᾷ κόσμοιο ἄνακτα
Ἓν ἐς αὐτοτελὴς ἑνὸς ἔκγονα πάντα τέτυκται.

In Oper. JUSTIN. Mart.

LONDON.

Printed for R. DODSLEY at *Tully's* Head in *Pall-mall*; and Sold by M. COOPER in *Pater-noster-Row.*

M.DCC.XLVI.

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APOLOGY.

THE Author, very young, designed the Plan of this Work at the University, where he freely spent many of his Hours in the Converse of such Subjects, and some other Designs of Poetry; but not having the Ambition or Necessity usual to Poets, few of his Performances have gone abroad into the World. Being since engaged to a busy Employment of Life, he now means only to make use of proper Hours, stolen from common Amusements, in Correcting of such Pieces as he had there before contrived. In this Method is this Poem published for the Opinion of the World, as it is the Beginning of a System of the Christian Religion, intended to be carried on in the like HYMNS, tho' each at some Distances of Time, on account of the few Hours allowed to them. He is assured by his wisest Friends that such Performances, being only and easily made an Entertainment to those leisure Hours of *Sundays*, which must otherwise be often let to pass in weaker Amusements, can never

never be cenſured as trifling or imprudent, but rather a good Study and an expected Duty. For no one can juſtly be ſo much employed in the Buſineſſes of Life, as not to find free Hours for ſuch Studies, eſpecially when they become happy Duties.

AN

AN ESSAY ON *PINDARIC* POETRY.

PINDARIC Poetry alters its Verſe to what different Meaſure it chuſes. Our *Engliſh* Poets have miſtook this Liberty for a licentious Power of inventing any diſſonant ill-modell'd Jargon both of Verſe and Meaſure, which their Conceit or Convenience needed, to expreſs their Conceptions.

PINDAR and his beſt Followers carried this Liberty no farther than the firſt two, or generally firſt three Stanzas, and obliged themſelves to copy them regularly thro' the whole Poem: The firſt called the *Strophe*, the ſecond the *Antiſtrophe* (and even this the ſame as the former,) the third the *Epode*. This cloſe Adherence was, in my Opinion, as mean as the other is extravagant, and muſt certainly be a kind of Reſervedneſs which keeps the Imagination in Awe; ſo that it often akwardly delivers its Thoughts, or perhaps intirely loſes its Subject.

The great Beauty of this nice Regularity is placed by a late admired Writer in the Art and Difficulty of the Contrivance: But I cannot think a Reducing of the Words

or Thoughts of a Poem, be they never so easy, into a difficult Connexion any Improvement to the Work as a Poem, or any Addition of Merit to the Labourer as a Poet.

The Design and great Excellence of the PINDARIC I take rather to be an Allowance to call in the Aid of every Kind of Verse, to a more free and full Expression of its Subject, and vary them in different Measure from the one to the other, according as the Mind is to be surprized or lulled, elevated or softened: To move strong, gentle, violent, flow on the unlimited Change of Syllables in the round and long EXAMETER; to keep the even, moderate Pace of the weaker ELEGIAC, or now catch the Wings of the Sprightly, careless, and soft LYRIC, sometimes beating 'em to quicken its Flight, again gilding easy without the least visible Motion: That so the Words and Verse should sympathize with the Sense, and convey in Sound the Thing described, the Measure break to the different Passions, or easy or sudden Transitions of the Subject. For this Reason this Poetry has been always chosen as the most free and grand Conveyance for Subjects of the boldest Figures and greatest Variety of Imagination, such as Hymns of Triumph, Actions of the Gods, Wanderings of the Planets, *Olympic* Games, and such-like Songs of the Ancients.

PINDAR, in his *Dithyrambics* or Praises of *Bacchus*, broke thro' the very Regularity prescribed, where he dissolutely

lutely revels with his Subject in all the independent Variety of Poetic Meaſure: Which is allowed him for this Reaſon, that the Meaſure is a Picture of his Subject, an Emblem of his gay, unreſerved Mind. As this is a Freedom Reaſon is in no want of, 'tis only advanced to ſhew, that a Mind equally and reaſonably elevated, ſhould be no more tied down to Form in Hindrance of expreſſing its Imagination, than the one tranſported with an extravagant Paſſion; when the very Means are approved as a uſeful Beauty in the latter, and may with juſt Conduct be ſet forth a Beauty in the other.

The great Art, as well as Beauty lies in a Judgment and Elegance in chuſing both the Words, Verſe, and Meaſure, to make 'em all read as concording Muſic ſet both to the Signification of the Words and Senſe. This eſſential Harmony is endeavour'd in the following Hymns; which, tho' they exceed the formal Rules of the ſevere Antients, do not run into the licentious Rudeneſs of the Moderns, nor even aſk that Privilege of the looſe *Dithyrambics*. Each diſtinct Stanza obſerves a Rule to itſelf, and is in itſelf regular. This is but maintaining the ſame Liberty in each Stanza, they took only in the firſt three. If the Variety of Meaſure in their firſt three Stanzas was beautiful and needful, and the Subject continues to give new Matter and Diverſity of Incidents; it muſt in one Part be as needful as in the other, and every where beautiful. If Difficulty be a Conſtituent of its Merit, more meritorious

rious Difficulty is ever attending where moſt Judgment is required. And beſides the new Obſervance of Rhime, no little Labour! this Judgment is here employed in the Choice of Verſe and Meaſure thro' the whole, which by the other Rule is confined to a ſmall Part at the Beginning; whilſt the Remainder is but a barren Fatigue of being like what went before. In ſhort, if the Words, Verſe and Meaſure, as is ſaid, ſhould appear Muſic to the Signification of the Words and Senſe; would you have it found a grand Piece, full of graceful and various Numbers, to raiſe the Paſſions and the Soul, or have it but one Tune, repeated over and over to the ſeveral Stanzas? This may indeed ſuit the Ode or Song, but is below the Dignity and Largeneſs of Subjects which claim the PINDARIC Force.

The Merit and Greatneſs of our Theme, I hope, with all our Defects, will place this Work in the Claſs of thoſe, whoſe Diligence to pleaſe has been ſo well received: For we have laboured to avoid the Errors of later Imitation.

1. THE Poet's Fancy is pictured in the Soul's getting loose from the Incumbrance of the Body to some superiour State, till falling by its own Weakness it calls on the Divine Aid to help it forward. Immediately assisted with new Strength it beholds in full View the whole System of the Universe, and as it rises to Bliss, 2. It hears Sounds of Music and all Heaven rejoycing for some now Work done, namely, the Formation of Man. 3. Heaven sings the Origin of all Things, 4. the Revolutions of the Celestial Bodies, 5. and then breaks in Chorus into an Invocation to all the Inhabitants of the several Worlds to join in the Praise of their Creator. 6. It then sings the Dependence of the superiour Beings on God, the Fall of the rebellious Angels, and 7. the Creation of Man. Upon a Reflection of Man's future Happiness, 8. the Song is supposed to cease, and all Heaven to be in Sorrow, till on the Appearance of the Son drest in new Honour, (which at Distance means the Offer of Christ for the Redemption of Man) Heaven again grows pleased, and 9. the Song proceeds with Incitements to Man to stand firm in his Nature. 10. God is seen to move down to Earth to view and bless his Creation. 11. The Earth shews its Thanks of Gratitude in the Sport of its Creatures, descending from the Great to Inferior; and 12. Heaven pleased with its Praise again invokes it, regularly rising by the same several

Creatures, to continue its Thanks for the Goods received. 13. *The Song in Concert is renewed, and begins with a grand Chorus of all the several Worlds, the Angels, the Harmony of the Spheres, and of God himself,* 14. *in the Expression of His Being, their Dependence;* 15. *His Wisdom and their Philosophy of His natural and moral Works, and ends in a Chorus of Respect to His Attributes, which confess Him God.* 15. *The Angels, returning back into Heaven,* 16. *send forth a Prayer or Warning to Man, with a Recital of the Blessings attending his Obedience.*

HYMN
TO
GOD.

I.

BRoke from its Charge, my Genius flies,
Spir't-wing'd, to yon Fire-glitt'ring Skies.
Guided thro' Fields of Light I glide my Way,
Or sail on errand Airs a vital Ray.

Ah! now my Sense a Blood-chill'd Frost confines,
And Death thro' gathering Darkness sickly shines.
I freeze, I fail, sink down a weeping Air.
Have Mercy Heav'n! O Heav'n of Heavens spare!

At Mercy's Name I rise anew,
I flame; free-puls'd Ideas beat.
Thousands of Worlds inlarge my running View,
Ten thousand Suns unite in mental Heat.

All Soul and Mind,
Sense unconfin'd,
I see Eternity in Thought;
All Love and Praise,
A mounting Blaze,
I gain on Bliss, still gain'd, still sought.

II.

Hark! hark! the Muſic in the Air,
How ſoft it warbles to my Ear!
Afar the heav'nly Manſions ring,
Whilſt Cherubs and whilſt Seraphs ſing.

I.

O hear, what moving Sound
Comes ſwelling all around!
It thrills,
And fills
This gladſome Plain.
Now Notes on Notes roll ſtrong in varying Grace;
Now break in Sound, now pauſing, ſeem to ceaſe.
Hark! a pleas'd Seraph ſings:
Sh' has done. Hark! Echo brings
Now there,
Now here,
The Sound again.

Glad Heav'n for ſome great Work rejoyces loud,
And offer'd Praiſes in the Concert croud.
O how ſweet is Angels' Breath!
The Harp, the Lyre,
Th' Angelic Choir
Chant around, above, beneath.
O Rapture! Heav'n harmonic! Now begins
The grateful Song, and Heav'n all preſent rings.

III.

E'er Being can collect the firſt-born Date,
E'er Time or Nature were, e'er Life or Fate,
GOD was alone. He ſpake, and at His Word
Creation thro' expanſive Matter ſtir'd.
Then myſtic Order prudent roſe,
Beſt Mother of all Good!
O'er Chaos She with Grace attractive ſhines.
Confuſion aw'd,
A Law obey'd:
New-quicken'd Atoms flew from various Mines,
And in form'd Matter ſtood.
And now to Life Creation grows.
The Suns wide fix 'em on their cent'ring Weight,
And laſt Effulgencies of Light and Heat.
O wond'rous God!
The Worlds, now form'd, their Pow'rs attractive feel,
And round 'em in due influenc'd Orbits wheel:
Hence ev'ry Good!
Follow'd by Moons, which as their Sides they turn,
Reſtore their Suns declin'd, and ſeem to burn.
O diſtant Senſe!
Hail Nature! Heav'n's Dependent! thus begun,
Thro' ſtrange Immenſity you rapid run.
O Providence!

IV.

See the Machine moves vaſt in ſolemn Pow'r,
Whilſt Time unreſting flies its Periods o'er.
Now Worlds together ſeem to ruſh;
They change, and ſhun the gen'ral Cruſh;
They meet, they croſs, now ope, now join;
They run, now ſtand, aſcend, decline.
Farther than Angels' View,
Worlds other Worlds purſue.
From Infinite's wide End
They Thought on Thought extend.
Myſterious juſt! Unerring ſtrange!
Various the ſame! Unalter'd Change!
This World a Luſtre, now a Spark!
This Moon a Sun, a Sun now dark!
Their myſtic Dance they wheel,
Heav'n's Arm alone they feel;
Glorious they ſhed their Rays,
On each they wond'ring gaze.
They roar for Joy. For ever on they roll,
Attract, impell, maintain, and fill the Whole.

CHORUS.

CHORUS.

V.

All ye Inhabitants, who live
In thoſe bright Manſions, Stars that ſhine!
That million'd without Number move along!
Ye do from Him your Be'ngs derive,
Spirit or Form! and all therein.
Then grateful praiſe His Pow'r, and fill the Song.

VI.

We, who know Nought of Birth, and fearing God
Fear not an End, quicken'd by Him, and ſtill
By Him upheld, perfect in complete Good;
Love, Fear, Self-Pow'r and firm Dependence feel.

We ſaw the high-rais'd Vigour of His Rage,
When Pride-blown Spir'ts againſt Him dar'd rebell.
Miriads on Miriads did His Arm engage,
Whoſe hapleſs Numbers, ſelf-depending, fell.

We ſaw 'em fall: Down, down They croud,
Ten thouſand thouſand dreary Regions deep!
We heard Confuſion roar aloud,
Louder than Thunders o'er your Planets ſweep.

CHORUS.

VII.

V.

Yet O! how good GOD is! Extenſive Love!
That falls like Light from high on all below!
A CREATURE new is FORM'D.
Rais'd from his Clay a LIFE of Earth to move.
A SPIR'T reliev'd on AIR, to think and know,
By mixing PASSIONS warm'd.

VI.

O Godlike kind! the IMAGE bright of GOD.
A SOUL free-pow'r'd Evil to chuſe or Good,
And by calm REASON arm'd.
O happy MAN! ſtand firm and live.

VIII.

Why ends the Song? Tranſport thro' Heav'n is ſtill.
Ah! why that Groan? Do Angels ſigh? I thrill.
Each Cherub droops his Head,
And Heav'n's bright Face is ſad.

Ah me! inchanting Voice return,
With Love of Thee, all cold I mourn.
I faint, I die.
Hark! the ſweet Harp new ſtrikes its Strings.
The mounting Cherubs feel their Wings,
And Seraphs flie.

The Symbols ſoftly raiſe the pleaſing Sound.
The fav'rite Son with new-born Glory's crown'd.
Be ſtill. A Voice is hear'd,
And Heav'n again is cheer'd.

IX.

O happy Man! ſtriving to ſtand, He lives.
Nor fear: Heav'n equal Strength thy Nature gives.

Man, made happy as He's wiſe!
Greater Bliſs in happ'er State,
May on thy Obedience wait,
If to Heav'n thy Nature riſe.

All Bleſſings GOD on Trial lends.
Deſerve: GOD's Bounty never ends.
Now perfect, could You Duty ſhew?
'Tis from Yourſelf You perfect grow.

Be wiſe, O Man! O near-ally'd! be wiſe.
We mount to Gods, You may to Angels riſe.

X.

Behold and fear. The great JEHOVAH moves.
See, far Creation all adoring bows.
Vaſt Winds and Thunders loud His Steps declare,
And Miniſters of Fire His Way prepare.
Nature is aw'd, and fears.
Heav'n opens broad, and pours a Scene of Love.
View Him inthron'd far, far all Heights above.
Beneath His Feet a Sapphire Way is pav'd,
And Heav'n's embodied Clearneſs rays His Head.
Nature a Pleaſure wears.
He comes: Heav'n rocks. He quits His blazing Seat,
Strides the deep Air, and Nature feels His Weight.
Bow down all Be'ngs! nor on Him dare to look:
Who ſees muſt die, with Senſe of Wonder ſtruck.
To Earth, to Earth He bears.
To view His Work, His Godlike Pow'r confeſt,
A World in Light, Days, Nights and Seaſons dreſt,
Teeming with Birth o'er Valley, Plain, and Hill,
Thro' Sea, thro' Air: All Beings of His Will!
He ſpeaks; ſtill'd Nature hears.

"Good is My Work, bleſs'd be its grateful Birth.
"Ye Creatures multiply, and fill your Earth.
"O'er Ye be Man your Lord: O'er Man My Name.
"Form'd Ye were all by Me. I THAT I AM.

XI.

See the glad Earth! She ſkips. Her new-born Care
Feel the large Bleſſing, and their Senſe declare.
In ſavage Innocence the Lion ſtrong does bound;
Now rudely mirthful in the Sands He couches low;
He rears in Might; his Mane the Winds lift high around;
Fiercely He looks; He roars; his Notes to Terrors grow.
The jocund Elephants their Trunks unweildy claſh,
And to the Play Rhinoceros his Bulk does move:
Leviathan diſturbs the Sea with ſportive Laſh,
Rolls huge, and throws out Rivers to the Void above.
The Eagle ſtrikes her Wings: So high
She mounts in Strength upon the Skie,
She not a Native ſeems of Earth.
Leſs emulous, tho' ſweet in Song,
The Lark above the choral Throng,
To Heav'n aloud proclaims his Mirth.
Whilſt thro' the Woods the ceaſeleſs Warblers ſing,
And Bleats of Thanks o'er Hill and Valley ring.

XII.

Praiſe Him, ye Hills! Ye all have been
Bound round with Girdles of His Pow'r.
Praiſe Him, ye Plains! and Vallies green!
Ye all are water'd by His Show'r.
Praiſe Him, ye Birds, in Song; ye Flocks, in Bleats:
From Him Ye love, and range your Waſtes of Sweets.

Ye Eagles! praiſe the LORD: He lends
Your Strength the Wings by which You ſoar.
Praiſe Him, ye Lions! Food He ſends,
When in your Dens th' young Lions roar.
Praiſe Him, ye Seas! from Him your Waters flow.
Praiſe Him, ye Whales! He laid your Depths below.

GRAND CHORUS.

XIII.

JEHOVAH! O JEHOVAH! hear
The univerſal Ring.
Creation ſhouts from ev'ry Sphere,
Whilſt Worlds their Maker ſing.

We, Thy bleſt Angels, gladly raiſe
Our Souls to lead the gen'ral Praiſe.

The Spheres, as They in various Order roll,
In cording Thunders roar harmonious ſtrong.
Thy boundleſs Self inſpires the boundleſs Whole:
Moves Thy vaſt Soul in Us, and names the Song.

XIV.

Hail, mighty GOD! all-preſent Flame!
Father of Time, Creator infinite!
Nature's rich Author! Pow'r ſupreme!
Eſſential Spir't! firſt Knowledge! flowing Light!

We laud Thy Works. Each Mind approves,
Fair Origin! an inward Senſe
That owns Thee GOD, Thee fears and loves,
And needs and aſks Thy Providence.

XV. Or

XV.

Or We, who with mute Adoration's Eye
Into the Fountain-Springs of Nature pry,
Still wond'ring more,
The God adore.

View there the Chains, the wiſe Conſiſtencies
Of Right, and Matter's dark Dependencies:
Whence riſing bold in gradual Order wound,
She mounts to God.

Where ſeeming Contradictions, ſtrangely croſs'd,
In ſecret Windings run, by Reaſon loſt,
Are in the Study of the Maker found,
And Reaſon's joy'd.

Wiſe Adoration ſhines a mental Light,
And ſhews that all is good, and all is right.
Thus humbly wiſe,
To Love We riſe.

CHORUS.

Hail Holy One! Effulgence ſtrong
Of Wiſdom, Juſtice, Bounty, Love of Good!
Thy Attributes, quick riſing, throng
On Senſe, and join'd by Wonder, ſhine out God.

XVI.

We will into His Gates return,
Enter His Courts of Light with Praiſe:
There Spir'ts immortal purely burn,
In Glory's Courage-mixing Blaze.

O Man! be firm. Then Grace, fair Light divine!
Thy Night ſhall cheer, and Earth an Heav'n refbine!
Soft Dews, Heav'n's Tears of Care, impearl your Fields,
And Peace ſtill reap the Harveſts Duty yields.
Reaſon in bloſſom'd Thoughts delighted blow,
And Love in Virtue's Streams ſweet murm'ring flow.
Senſe-aiding Flow'rs,
Renew your Bow'rs.
Your Cup of Joy o'erflow'd,
New Fruits new Branches load.
The gentle Seaſons pleaſing move
In Beauty, Plenty, Health and Love.
Bleſs'd with a Senſe to know the Bleſſing giv'n,
Thus Man ſhall always fill the Choir of Heav'n.

QUOTATIONS.

STANZA X. *HE maketh his Miniſters a flaming Fire.* Pſal. civ. 4.

And they ſaw the God of Iſrael, and there was under his Feet as it were a paved Work of Sapphire Stone, and as it were the Body of Heaven in his Clearneſs. Exod. xxiv. 10.

And the Lord ſaid, Go down, charge the Peo- People, leſt they break through unto the Lord to gaze, and many of them periſh. Exod. xix. 21.

Thou viſiteſt the Earth and bleſſeſt it. Pſ. lxv. 9.

And God bleſſed them, and God ſaid unto them, Be fruitful and multiply——and have Dominion over the Fiſh of the Sea, &c. Gen. i. 28.

I am that I am. Exod. iii. 14.

STANZA XI. *The Mountains skipped like Rams, and the little Hills like young Sheep.* Pſal. cxiv. 4.

There is that Leviathan, whom thou haſt made to play therein. Pſal. civ. 26.

STANZ. XII. *Who in his Strength ſetteth faſt the Mountains, and is girded with Power.* Pſ. lxv. 6.

11 : 7 : 49

FINIS.

QUOTATIONS.

STANZA X. HE maketh his Ministers a flaming Fire.
Psal. civ. 4.

And they fear the God of Israel, and there was
under his Feet as it were a paved Work of
Sapphire Stone, and as it were the Body of
Heaven in his Clearness. Exod. xxiv. 10.

And the Lord said, Go down, charge the Peo-
ple, lest they break through unto the
Lord to gaze, and many of them perish.
Exod xix. 21.

Then called the Earth and blessed it. Psalm. 9.

And God blessed them, and God said unto them,
Be fruitful and multiply——and have Do-
minion over the Fish of the Sea, &c.
Gen. i. 28.

I am thine; I am. Exod. iii. 14.

STANZA XI. The Mountains skipped like Rams, and the
little Hills like young Sheep. Psal. cxiv. 4.

There is that Leviathan, whom thou hast made
to play therein. Psal. civ. 26.

STANZ. XII. The Fire in his Strength setteth the Moun-
tains and is armed with Power. Psalm. 6.